

POETRY.

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT. BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Why do you tear
Yon lingering tenant from his humble home?
His children cling about him, and his wife,
Regardless of the wintry blast, doth stand
Watching his last far footsteps with the gaze
Of speechless misery. What hath he done?
In passion's madness did he raise the steel
Against his neighbour's breast or in the
sleath

Of deep deliberate malice, touch his roof
With widely desolating flame? No! No!
His crime is poverty. He hath no hoard
Of hidden wealth from whence to satisfy
His creditor's demand—sickness, perchance,
Did stay his arm, or adverse skies destroy
The promised harvest, or the thousand ills
That through the hard lot of the sons of toil
Drink up his spirits. Ye indeed may hold
His form incarcerated; but will this repair
The trespass on your purse? To take away
The means of labour, yet require its fruit
In strict amount, methinks doth savour more
Of ancient Egypt's policy than Christ's.
Themis, perchance, may sanction what the
code

Of Him, who came to teach the law of love,
Condemn. "How readest thou?"

There are who deem
The smallest portions of their drossy gold
Full counterpoise for liberty, for health,
And God's free air and home's sweet char-
ities.

'Mid the gay circle round their evening fire
They sit in luxury, the warbled song,
The guest, the wine-cup, speed the flying
hours.

Forgetful how the captive's head doth droop
Within his close-barred cell, or how the
storm

Doth hoarsely round his distant dwelling
sweep.

Where she, who in her lowly bed hath
wrapp'd

Her famish'd babes, kneels shivering, by
their side,

And weeping mingles with her lonely prayer,
—Revenge may draw upon these prison
griets.

To pay her subsidy; and sternly wring
An usury from hopeless woman's woe.
And infancy's distress; but is it well
For souls that hasten to the dread account
Of motive and of deed, at heaven's high bar,
"To break their Saviour's law?"

Up, cleanse yourselves
From this dark vestige of a barbarous age,
Sons of the Gospel's everlasting light!
Nor let a brother of your sun-bless'd clime,
Reared in your very gates, participant
Of freedom and salvation's birthright find
Less favour than the Heathen. It would
seem

That man, who, for the fleeting breath he
draws,
Is still a debtor, and hath nought to pay
He, who in cancel countless sins expects
Unbounded clemency—'twould seem that he
Might go his fellow-men be pitiful
And show that mercy which himself im-
plores.

SUNRISE IN ARABY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Ben Khorat rose,
And slightly looked forth upon the East.
The dawn was stealing up into the sky
On its grey feet, the stars grew dim apace,
And faded, till the Morning Star alone,
Soft as a molten diamond's liquid fire,
Burned in the heavens. The morn grew
fresher.

The upper clouds were faintly touched with
gold.

The fan palms rustled in the early air,
Daylight spread cool and broadly to the hills,
And still the star was visible, and still
The young Bedouin with a straining eye
Drank its departing light into his soul.
It faded—melted—and the fiery rim
Of the clear sun came up, and painfully
The passionate scholar pressed upon his
eyes.

His dusky fingers, and with limbs as weak
As a sick child's, turned fainting to his
couch,
And slept.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We copy the following article from
the *London Times*:

The season of youth, before one's
judgment has been thoroughly matured,
is generally characterized by an utter
impatience of restraint. We dislike the
discipline of school. We dislike the
orderly restrictions enjoined by paren-
tal authority. We recoil from the in-
hibitory provisions of the divine canon;
and in many instances we would gladly
violate with impunity the morals of hu-
man law. Unrestricted license is what
we desire above all things; and this
natural impulse is often strengthened by
that superficial acquaintance with the
plausibilities of ancient republicanism,
which so readily contents us in the
course of our educational gallop.

That this species of early libertinism
should wholly fail to exercise an in-
fluence over our political opinions, is
what few persons acquainted with hu-
man nature could expect; and hence,
in almost all cases where the democra-
tic impulses of youth have not been mo-
derated by the judicious instructions
which stand us instead of experience, it
is observable that the most able and
estimable men are prone to begin life
with the profession of a political opti-
mism, involving for the most part a pas-

sion for all sorts of experiments and in-
novations. Nor is it unimportant to
notice, that in proportion to the ardour
with which such views are embraced,
is the pertinacity with which they are
clung to, and the tardiness wherewith
they are ultimately relaxed or foregone.
Nevertheless, it is the order of nature
that age and experience shall correct
the extravagances of early years. To
this great and general law every great
and generous mind is amenable in ma-
turity, as strongly, it may have been fa-
scinated in youth by the charms of a
wild and speculative freedom.

Of the fact we are now insisting on,
the best of our public men in England
have afforded the most striking illustra-
tions. Not to recur to earlier exam-
ples, it is notorious that Burke, Pitt,
(both the father and son,) Canning,
Huskisson, and Mackintosh, commen-
ced their career with an ardent devotion
to ultra-liberal opinions. In the ab-
sence of a practical acquaintance with
the infirmities of man and the compli-
cated relations of society, nothing
would satisfy them but endless novelties
and devices for the enlargement of in-
dividual liberty and the abolition of so-
cial restraints. Time, however, pow-
dered and philosophized their heads.

With the observation and experience of
advanced years, they saw that the na-
tural tendency of communities, as well
as individuals, is to assert the right of
unbridled liberty; and, consequently,
that the province of an enlightened Go-
vernment is to habituate the people to
mild restraints rather than minister to
their self-will. The practical enforce-
ment of the lessons which they thus
learned was in some respects humiliat-
ing. It involved a renunciation of ear-
ly errors. It subjected them to the
vulgar charge of apostasy. It insured
them the forfeiture of applauses which
they had previously been accustomed to
prize, and also the certainty of maledic-
tions which they had heretofore been
fain to deprecate. But, obeying the
dictates of wisdom and patriotism, these
eminent men had sufficient strength

of principle and purpose to consult the
true interests of the kingdom, irrespec-
tive altogether of private and personal
considerations. The mortification of
relinquishing early opinions was, in
their estimation, a small matter com-
pared with the sacrifice of their coun-
try; the reproach of vacillation was
preferred by them to the guilt of trea-
chery; and they were willing to en-
counter the transient acrimony of con-
temporaries, rather than incur the last-
ing odium of posterity. Recent in-
stances to the same purpose, are by no
means wanting; and while Lord Lynd-
hurst, Lord Carnarvon, Lord Tanker-
ville, Lord Devonshire, Lord Ashbur-
ton, Lord Abinger, Lord Stanley, and
a whole multitude of others, are al-
leged to have begun life with certain lib-
eral opinions, which ripen years and the
progress of events have induced them
more or less to modify, we know that
the tendency to revolutionary aggres-
sion and change manifested by multi-
tudes since the enactment of the Re-
form Bill, has forced immense numbers
of the British constituency into a simi-
lar exercise of sound Conservative
principle.

To say that the distinguished persons
whom we have named are chargeable
with political apostasy, in any discredit-
able sense, is a vulgar and malignant
calumny. The modifications which
their opinions may have undergone, are
in just accordance with the natural and
regular progress of the human mind,
whose orderly advance is evermore
from presumption to experience, from
rashness to caution, and from the love
of untried theories to a discriminating
preference for institutions which have
been thoroughly tested and approved.
To allege that such persons are rene-
gade politicians, is just about as reason-
able as to say, that a full grown man is
an apostate because he is no longer
the riotous urchin he once was, or that
the fields have become degenerate, be-
cause their green hues are sobered and
superceded by the mellow and benefi-
cial harvest of autumn.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.—"The
most profitable thing in the present time
is to take a newspaper." (Country pa-
per.)

"The most profitable thing certainly
is to take a religious newspaper." (Evangelical Advertiser.)

"Nothing like leather," says the
cobler.—All people now-a-days, seem
to be cobblers. Things are sure to be
set right, if every body join "our side."

"There has again been a demand
for money." (Money Market and
City Intelligence.)

This explains the whole cause of the
present troubles. The truth is, "I was
never a merry world for England,"
nor Yankee land either, since money
was in demand. Is money, after all,

really worth having? My grandmo-
ther has her doubts.

A beautiful head of hair is the
greatest ornament belonging to the
human frame. How strangely the loss
of it, &c. which causes many to recoil
at being uncovered, &c. In short, not
even the loss of property fills the gene-
rous thinking youth with that heavy,
sinking gloom as does the loss of his
hair." &c. &c. (Advertisement of a
perfumer.)

Nothing is a more decided proof of
the march of intellect, than the literary
ambition of the shopkeepers. Adver-
tisements formerly ran in the following
strain: "Very good oatmeal by John
Clark, near the meeting-house." "Very
good milled stockings by the printer
himself—(See the old Boston papers.)
But at the present day, *Dix & Co.*
omnes? what a luxurious style our ad-
vertising folks are masters of! Scratch
your heads ye bald pated gentlemen,
and weep over the above eloquent ef-
fusion. How sentimental! how touch-
ing!—"that heavy, sinking gloom"—
what a strong phrase! "Not even the
loss of property?" What "thrilling in-
terest," as the newspaper critics say,
in reviewing each daily cartload of trash.
Ye "generous thinking youth," with
hairless heads, where are ye? No
wonder ye "recoil at being uncover-
ed." "They hate his youth," says
Falstaff. What can ye do to relieve
your "heavy, sinking gloom," but read
the newspapers, and see human inge-
nuity put to the stretch to murder the
King's English and sell Macassar oil.

Coals have improved a shade." [Prices Current.]

Blacker and Blacker, we suppose.
The "transactions in cheese" too, we
see are "active."—We like activity,
but not particularly inside of a cheese.
The Brighton Cattle Market also, has
its wonders. "Pigs went off quietly."
—Squealing is of no sort of use, and
the pigs seem at last to be convinced
of it.

"Died at Hardscrabble, N. H.,
Deacon Timothy Tuffer, aged 108!
He retained his faculties to the last,
never had a day's illness, read without
spectacles, always rose at 4 in the morn-
ing." &c. &c. [Country paper.]

Taking it as a self evident proposi-
tion, that nothing in the world is so
true as a newspaper, these never-sick,
no-spectacle, four in the morning folks
are a most wonderful race, and who
their fathers and mothers were, would
be worth knowing. Their origin ap-
pears to us as mysterious as that of the
Pelagians and Etruscans. They are
certainly a race altogether distinct from
the rest of the inhabitants of this coun-
try. Mark how the same characteristic
circumstances are related of every in-
dividual among them. They always
rise at four in the morning, never use
spectacles, never have a day's illness,
&c.—live to a hundred and eight, for-
sooth. The wonder is they ever die at
all. Newspapers, of course, cannot
lie, nor these old gentlemen ever lose
their memory, or fall into trifling mis-
takes of chronology.—*Boston Courier.*

LOTTERY OF LITERARY LIFE.—As a
proof of the uncertainty of literary re-
muneration, I would instance the ex-
ample of "Boz." When he commenced
the *Pickwick* papers, he was almost
unknown, and was living on five guineas
per week, as reporter on the *Morning
Chronicle*. Chapman and Hale hav-
ing, with some difficulty, been persua-
ded to become the *Pickwick* publishers,
agreed to give him £10 a month for each
number, or £120 for the whole work.
After the second number, the sale be-
came so immense as to induce the pub-
lishers to give him £70 a month; and,
since No. X. he has had one half of the
profits, including those of the first num-
bers. By the *Pickwick* papers alone,
he will not between £2000 and £3000.

Nor is this all: He was paid two gui-
neas a column for Watkins Tottle and
the other "Sketches by Boz," which
appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*.
For a column of such sketches now, he
would have ten guineas from any ma-
gazine.

He has, of course, cut reporting, and
instead of some £300 a year which he
made 18 months ago, is in receipt of at
least £3000. To ensure him exclusively
for himself, Mr. Richard Bentley, the
publisher, allows him the sum of
£1000 a year as editor of Bentley's
Miscellany, and twenty guineas per
sheet also, for whatever he writes in it.
If this is not turning a very popular name
to good account I know not what is.

Of Bentley's *Miscellany* the good
luck has been astonishing, in fact with-
out precedent. It has almost shoved
the *New Monthly* out of the market.
It is a shilling cheaper, which is one
cause—the *New Monthly* being 3s. 6d.
per number, while Bentley's *Miscel-
lany* is only 2s. 6d: and it has more

illustrations, which is another. The
New Monthly has merely a por-
trait of some author, while Bentley's
has either two or three illustrations by
Cruikshank, which, being engraved on
copper by himself, are of as much value
as original sketches. At this day
such of Hogarth's plates as he engraved
himself, fetch twice or thrice what im-
pressions from the other plates bring.

I know not how popular the *Pick-
wick* papers may be in America, but in
England they are all the rage. The
quaint similes of Samuel Veller are in
every one's mouth, and half a dozen
dramas have already been founded on
the work. A new one, by the way, is
coming out at the New Strand Theatre,
in which W. J. Hammond will appear
as Sam Weller. He is pronounced by
"Boz" to be the only man for the cha-
racter.

You lose one half the fun by not ha-
ving the laughable illustrations which
accompany the letter press in the origi-
nal edition. The first number were il-
lustrated by Seymour a man who was
fast rivaling the fame of Cruikshank.
Some mess or other about a protested
bill annoyed him so much that he cut
his throat. Since then, the illustrations
have been furnished by R. W. Buss, a
clever artist.

There are some two score of *Pick-
wick* Clubs in London—all founded, of
course, since these admirable papers
commenced. In Liverpool there are
five, one of which is on a very extended
plan. Each member bears the name of
one of the characters in the *Pickwick
Papers*, and is habited exactly accord-
ing to the description therein contained.
Fines are leviable if a member calls
another by his real instead of his *Pick-
wickian* name. Of any breach of
Pickwickian etiquette, Mr. *Pickwick's*
double is the judge, and of any offence
contra bonos mores the substitute for the
Reverend Mr. Stiggins is the referee.

The gentleman to whom, by accla-
mation, the character of Samuel was
assigned, is said to have much of the
wit of the real Sam. As the meetings
are very exclusive, membership being
the only qualification for admission, and
your correspondent is not a member,
he can say no more concerning this re-
putable club.—*English Correspondence of Evening Star.*

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.—I be-
hold on this broad sheet a glorious com-
position of fraud, falsehood, and folly.
Look at the array of advertisements.
One offers to lend fifty thousand pounds
on good security who scarcely posses-
ses fifty pence; and another desires to
sell a horse, warranted without blemish,
and only to be disposed of because the
owner has no farther use for it. The
last part of the sentence alone bears
any relation to the truth, as the animal
can be of no use to the owner or to any
one else. A third is eloquent upon the
virtues of a vegetable pill, which cures
all diseases; to which it should have
been added, by destroying both the dis-
ease and patient. A fourth, acknow-
ledging the most disinterested inten-
tions, delicately confesses his want of a
wife possessed of a moderate property,
while stating himself to be a gentleman
of middle age with a small income; but,
in truth, his income is so small, that it
might have been named without the use
of figures; and the middle of his age is
as near the end of his life as may be.
Here a worthy citizen offers some pipes
of foreign wine of the most approved
vintage; and he is the most likely per-
son to know their genuineness, having
manufactured them in his own ware-
house. Here, an honest tradesman an-
nounces that he is selling off his goods,
much under prime cost, for the benefit
of his creditors, which benefit will prove
to be a great loss, he having most suc-
cessfully swindled every person who
would give him credit. Wherever the
eye glances, it finds evidence that one
set of people preys upon another, as
one species of insect is devoured by a
more powerfull race.—*Mephistophiles
in London.*

THE SPARTAN WOMEN.—In their do-
mestic life, the Spartans, like the rest
of the Greeks, had but little pleasure
in the society of their wives. At first
the young husband only visited his wife
by stealth—to be seen in company with
her was a disgrace. But the women
enjoyed a much greater freedom and
received a higher respect in Sparta
than elsewhere; the soft Asiatic dis-
tinctions in dignity between the res-
pective sexes did not reach the hardy
mountaineers of Lacedæmon; the
wife was the mother of men! Brought
up in robust habits, accustomed to ath-
letic exercises, her person exposed in
public processions and dances—which,
but for the custom that made decorous
even indecency itself, would have been
indeed licentious—the Spartan maiden,
strong, bardy, and half a partaker in

the ceremonies of public life, shared the
habits, aided the emulation, imbibed
the patriotism, of her future consort.
And, by her sympathy with his habits
and pursuits, she obtained an influence
and ascendancy over him which were
unknown in the rest of Greece. Dig-
nified on public occasions, the Spartan
matron was deemed however, a virago
in private life; and she who had no
sorrow for a slaughtered son had very
little deference for a living husband.—
Bulwer's Athens.

THE MAN WHO CAN DO WITHOUT GO-
ING TO BED.—A recent author, speak-
ing of a well-known reporter, said "He
possesses a singularly strong constitu-
tion. I have spoken of his early rising;
I should have mentioned, in proof of
the vigourousness of his frame, that he
is also late in going to bed. On an av-
erage, he has not, for the last twenty
years, slept above four hours in the
twenty four. He is often weeks with-
out going to bed at all. It suffices him,
as Wordsworth would say, to have two
or three hours' doze in his arm chair,
and with his clothes on. In the year
1834, he was seized with the ambition
of performing an unusual feat in this
way. He aspired to the reputation of
being able to sit up one hundred con-
secutive nights and days, without
stretching himself on a bed, or in any
way putting himself into a horizontal
position, even for one moment. He
actually did, incredible as it may appear,
accomplish the extraordinary undertak-
ing. For one century of consecutive
nights and days, as he himself loves to
express it, he neither put off his clothes
to lie down in bed, nor any where else,
for a second. Any little sleep he had
during the time was in the shape of a
doze, as just mentioned, in his arm-
chair." Whether this hater of Bedford-
shire is married or unmarried our his-
torian sayeth not.

AN AMERICAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A
TEE-TOTALLER.—I once travelled
through all the States of Maine with
one of these ere chaps. He was as
thin as a whippoorwill. His skin looked
like a blown bladder after some of the
air has leaked out, kinder wrinkled and
rumbled like, and his eye dim as a
lamp that's livin on a short allowance
of oil. He put me in mind of a pair of
kitchen tongs, all legs, shaft, and head,
and no belly; a real gander gutted
lookin critter, as holler as a bamboo
walkin cane, and twice as yaller. He
actually looked as if he had been picked
off a rock at sea, or dragged through a
gimlet hole. He was a lawyer. Thanks
I, the Lord a massy on your clients,
you hungry, half-starved looking crit-
ter, you, you'll eat 'em up alive as sure
as the Lord made Moses. You are
just the chap to strain at a knot and
swallow a camel, tank, shank, and
flank, all at a gulp.

AMUSING ANECDOTE.—Sir Allan
McLean, like many Highland chiefs,
was embarrassed in his private affairs,
and exposed to unpleasant solicitations
from attorneys, called, in Scotland,
Writers (which, indeed, was the chief
motive of his returning to Inchekeith).
Upon one occasion he made a visit to
a friend, then residing at Carron Lodge,
on the banks of the Carron, where the
banks of that river are studded with
pretty villas. Sir Allan admiring the
landscape, asked his friend whom that
handsome seat belonging to. "M—,
the Writer to the Signet," was the
reply. "Umph!" said Sir Allan, but
not with an accent of assent; "I mean
that other house." Oh! that belongs
to a very honest fellow, Jamie —,
also a Writer to the Signet." "Umph!"
said the Highland chief of
McLean, with more emphasis than be-
fore—"And yon smaller house?"
"That belongs to a Stirling man; I
forget his name, but I am sure he is a
writer too; for —" Sir Allan, who
had recoiled a quarter of a circle back-
ward at every response, now wheeled
the circle entire, and turned his back
on the landscape, saying, "My good
friend, I must own you have a pretty
situation here, but d—n your neigh-
bourhood."—(Sir Walter Scott's *Table-
talk*.)

A MISER.—An illiterate personage,
who always volunteered to go round
with the bail, but was suspected of
sparing his own pocket, overhearing one
day a hint to that effect, made the fol-
lowing speech: "Other gentlemen put
down what they think proper, and so do
I. Charity's a private concern, and
what I gives is nothing to nobody."—
(*Thomas Hood*.)

FACTIO.—It is no wonder tht fac-
tion is productive of vices of all kinds;
for, besides that it inflames all the pas-
sions, it tends to remove those great
restraints, honor and shame, which men
find that no innocence secures them
against the calumnies of the opposite.
—(Hume.)